

Standing at the Threshold

by D.M.P

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Summary: A little poem from all the Animorphs POV as they look at who they are...

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Standing at the threshold

Of self-discovery

Peering ov'r the brink

What shall I find? Who will I see?

Standing at the threshold

I look down to see

A warrior, bloodlust in her eye

Fighting for the thrill

A soldier, ruthless and violent

Living for the kill

Standing at the threshold

I look down to see

A scarred soul, innocence forgotten

Replaced by a forced sin
For ev'ry death she causes
Is taking life from within
Standing at the threshold
I look down to see
A tired leader, youth grown old
Experienced commander to them all
With lives hanging in the balance
One mistake, and they will fall
Standing at the threshold
I look down to see
A lost one, trapped between two worlds
Who cannot place his loyalty
Finding the people to fight for
In this time of misery
Standing at the threshold
I look down to see
A boy within the bird, fighting to be free
Free of this body, free of this pain
Of knowing that bein' one with his love
Is something he can never gain.
Standing at the threshold
I look down to see
A reluctant fighter, caught within a trap
Between the war and family
Will his slay his mother
To destroy a living monstrosity?
Standing at the threshold
Of self-discovery
The person that is revealed,

Is that person really me?

End
file.